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MODERN IRREVERENCE. ITS DANGER TO
OUR NATIONAL LIFE.

—
“LIT.” PRIZE ORATION.

The Preacher declared that he does not inquire wisely, who asks, “What is the cause that the former days were better than these?” No doubt there were chronic conservatives in Solomon’s time, as now, whose eyes were holden from the sight of faith. No doubt there were philosophers then, like our philosophers of the present, who maintained that on every hand we meet with unmistakable signs of the degeneracy of the race. But the Hebrew sage voiced the eternal truth that a constant and consistent optimism, founded on reason and judgment, though not, perhaps, arising from any firm confidence in the blessedness of the human lot, is the part of energy, of wisdom,

and of wholesome living. To steadfastly avoid, however, the narrow valleys of solicitude involves as much error and disaster, as to fall from the cliff of overconfidence. There is peril from a shallow optimism, which considers the butterfly, success, always about to be caught, as well as from a croaking pessimism, which sees the luckless children of men go staggering through the darkness of ignorance, misery and superstition. We must steer a middle course, and regard with equal care our chances of defeat and our prospects of victory. Warnings, then, of rocks in the channel of our national life, may be incentives, not drawbacks. And one rock looms up with startling prominence to-day, a rock on which our craft may go to pieces—it is the rock of irreverence.

History has taught us at many stages of its route that, when respect for religion was dead, respect for the established government, and its power, also died. It was with the intuitive consciousness that a religion which holds the faith of the masses is a mighty bulwark for support, that the founders of the Roman polity so closely locked in mutual dependence their church and their state. Their prelates were their officials. Their religion was a part of their politics. They, the sons of Mars, were the favored of the gods, so long as reverence for the auspices and belief in the fates of the empire should last. The Latin historian tells us how Germanicus and his legions were marching into a river, the opposite bank of which was beset with the enemy, when out there flew seven great eagles, marshalling the Romans on their way; there was no pause or wavering, but a steady flight, till they disappeared in the forest where the enemy lay in ambush. "Forward!" cried Germanicus, "Forward, and follow the Roman birds!" And it was when the Roman birds were Jove's birds no longer, when reverence for the old gods and sturdy morality had crumbled into dust beneath the terrific load of scepticism and

corruption, when, finally, Christianity had awakened the eyes of the people to the fact that the emperor was never a god, and often a monster, that success deserted the Roman arms, and eternal, universal Rome was left in the wake of Empire, sweeping westward with the tide.

With what reverence for man, for state and for God, were laid the foundation stones of our own country, there is no need for mention here. No need to recall to you that picture in our National Capitol of the Pilgrims kneeling on the "Mayflower's" deck, intrusting themselves and the hopes of their nascent colony to the Almighty Father, before they leave Delfthaven. They were men of stern conscience, who loved their country much, but their religion more; who were led from home not by mercantile necessity or ambition, but by the inflexible resolution to worship God as they proposed, and upon whom austerity and intensity had imposed the discipline of respect. I need not remind you that all that survives of the settlement at Jamestown, even Jamestown, the most licentious of the early settlements, is a house of worship. I need not tell you that the declaration which set us free is imbued with the spirit of reverence, that it referred the cause of independence to the bar of Infinite Justice, and that its signers, "for the support of that declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, pledged to each other their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor." Behold the figure of the man to whom this day is consecrated, as he goes apart at Valley Forge to pray for his bleeding country, and remember how, on the seventeenth of September, 1796, in the course of his "Farewell Address to the American People," he delivered those words, which I wish I could make ring in every ear and drive home to every heart.

"Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable

supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and cherish them. Where is the security for property, for reputation, for life, if the sense of religious obligation desert the oaths which are the instruments of investigation in courts of justice? Who that is a sincere friend to free government can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric?"

But someone is saying, doubtless, "We admit the historical proof; we admit, too, that our country was founded upon staunch religious principles and with the veneration of its citizens; but, after all, what of that? Is there a tendency towards irreverence now abroad in the land?" A certain difficulty must be acknowledged in answering such a question. No statistics, no official reports can be called to our aid. That such a disposition is widespread and increasing, can be evinced only by incidents which have recently occurred, and in which we meet it face to face, or perhaps barely catch a glimpse of its malignant force.

It appeared in 1886, when the riots of the Chicago anarchists reached such fury that the whole nation was alarmed. It appeared in 1893, when the red flag was again the signal for a tempest at the same point, and had it not been for the presence of mind of the chief magistrate, the flood-gates might then have given way, before the tide of evil passion which it raised. It appeared in 1896, when an orator won his nomination for the highest office in the land from one of the greatest of our political parties, by the use of a striking, but sacrilegious metaphor. It appeared during the same year, in the attacks upon the Supreme Court and the efforts to lead the nation to evade its debt. It appears in the existence of bossism in our

leading states. It appears in the oft-repeated and seldom denied affirmation that bribery is prevalent in our state and national legislatures. If the assertion is true, woe to the state when her statesmen forget their oaths ! If it is false, into what despite for the Powers-that-Be have fallen those who make such a charge to their account ? It appears in the filth and degradation, only too conspicuous in our press, our literature and our stage. It appears in a thousand and one forms. Some secret and insidious, some open and blatant, and the time has come to take a stand before these influences become more dangerous and pressing.

Our fathers have consecrated the state ; it is ours to regard it with awe and veneration. They have raised the edifice, and some prayer was offered, some tear fell, as every stone was set in place ; we must see to it that hands touch it only to repair. O, for a little more of the spirit of the colonists ! O, for a little more backbone made out of Plymouth Rock ! Let us banish Gallic fickleness from our public relations, and gain stability for our government by believing in it. Let us pass no vote of lack of confidence by ever failing to render "tribute to whom tribute is due," custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor. In a worldly sense, let us reverence our religion because good government should and must spring from it. In a religious sense, let us reverence our state as the palladium of our safety, dedicated by the hopes of the past to the realization of the future. Let us believe that the divine right of kinship has fallen upon every American citizen, and that, clothed in the full majesty of God-given powers, the American nation moves forward unfalteringly to a glorious destiny.

—D. Lawrence Chambers.

WHENCE CAM'ST THOU, LITTLE CHILD?

Thine eyes in silent wonder gaze
And lose themselves in this strange whirl
So vast, so new and so untried.
And will they ever learn to look
The world unflinching in the face?
Too soon thy wildered, staring eyes
May narrow, strained by their wide sweep,
The world will shrink and thou shalt see
A flower as but a pretty flower,
A man as but another Thou.
And then perchance thou 'lt smile that such
A work-day world could e'er seem God's,
And knowing men will say "Thou hast
Thy full sight now and then wert blind."

—S. Moore.

ON SOME OLD ACTORS.

Whatever objection there may be to placing the origin of English Drama in the reign of Elizabeth, there can certainly be no hesitation in commencing the history of English acting with that period. It was perhaps a necessary consequence that there should be no great actors until Shakespeare had appeared, for in the plays written before his time we can find no part which an actor could have filled with advantage to his genius. There can be no doubt but that Shakespeare's influence upon the stage of his time was very great and not only did his influence favor the development of actors and acting to a high degree of perfection, but the very reign of Elizabeth was itself most propitious to the dramatic art.

The causes of this were many. The age of chivalry in England was at its meridian. Philosophy and poetry, both risen to an hitherto unattained eminence, were tend-

ing to spread culture and refinement. The period was formative and creative. It was the literary renaissance of England—a time of mental, political and religious revival—the golden age of national life. All these agencies induced the advance of the drama with rapid strides. In the year 1647 the English stage had reached a degree of excellence which, in the opinion of some, it has never since attained. But during that year the overthrow of Charles I. and the entrance of the Puritans upon the scene had a very narrowing effect upon the theatre. Playhouses were ordered to be torn down and the players to be punished as rogues and vagabonds. The condition of the actors during this time of Puritan ascendancy was most unfortunate. Some took arms in the Royal Cause and many of them fell in its defence. Mohun, a famous actor, had charge of a troop. Charles Hart, a great-nephew of Shakespeare and an eminent tragedian, who introduced Nell Gwynn upon the stage, and was one of her early lovers, had a troop of horse in Prince Rupert's regiment. Burt was a cornet in this same troop. Allen of the cock-pit was a quartermaster general.

Some who did not go to war tried to eke out a living by shop keeping. Others printed old editions of plays for those who sympathized with the king's cause. Some starved and died.

But with the restoration of Charles II. another change took place. The people clamored for amusement and the theatre once more rose into favor. And again on the boards sounded the tread of those giants of the early stage.

A certain magic charm surrounds the players and playhouses of that time, whether it is caused by the mystery which envelopes much of their lives and careers, or whether by the glamour that time always throws over the happenings of long ago, it is none the less real. The very names of the theatres exert a fascinating influence over the present day

lover of the stage. The Globe, where the pit was open to the sky and the acting was done by daylight ; Blackfriars with the fops sitting on the stage and making audible comments on the play ; the Red Bull, at the door of which Shakespeare used to hold gentlemen's horses for hire ; the Rose where Marlow's dramas were produced ; Old Drury Lane where Charles Lamb saw his first play ; Whitefriars, standing just out of Fleet street, and so on through the long list. The Cock-pit, the Theatre, the Teens, the Curtain, every one of them inseparably linked with some famous name of old, a Bracegirdle, an Oldfield, a Burbage, a Cibber. Their very names are sacred, and if this be true with the play-houses how much more is it true of the players, the men and women who made these houses what they were and what they are to us.

There is always a danger in speaking of these old actors, of indulging in exaggerated praise, and of looking upon them as divinely gifted beings, the like of which the world will not see again. But they must have been great actors, many of them. When we reflect that all they had for scenery or stage effect was a square of tapestry or of coarse canvas, we are lost in wonder at the genius of the players who could so have wrought upon the fancies and feelings of the spectator, as to make his imagination furnish the scenery and supply the services of the property man. And yet they could do this and more. Colley Cibber said of Mrs. Oldfield "I saw a brigadier-general cry like a child at her *Indiana*; I have seen her crying with pain herself (for she was always a great sufferer); I have seen her then spring upon the stage as *Lady Townley* and in a moment sorrow brightened into joy. In all the crowded theatre, care and pain and poverty were banished from the memory, whilst Mrs. Oldfield's face spoke, and and her tongue flashed melodies." And yet Mrs. Oldfield, 't is said, imitated Mrs. Verburggen, an actress, whose name is now scarce known.

Many strange descriptions of the actors of those times have come down to us, some of which seem very ridiculous to the theatre goer of to-day. Antony Aston in his "Brief Supplement," speaking of Mr. Betterton, says "he labour'd under ill Figure, being clumsily made, having a great Head, a short Thick Neck, stoop'd in the Shoulders, and had fat short Arms, which he rarely lifted higher than his Stomach . . . he had little Eyes and a broad Face, Pock-fretten, and a corpulent Body, and Thick Legs and large Feet." In the same work, he speaks of Mr. Sanford as "being Round-shoulder'd, Meagre-fac'd, Spindle-shank'd, Splay-footed, with a Sour Countenance and long lean Arms," and a little further on of Cove Underhill, whose "Nose was flattened and short and his Upper Lip very long and Thick, with a wide Mouth and short Chin, a churlish Voice and awkward Action (leaping often up with both Legs at a Time when he conceived anything Waggish, and afterwards hugging himself at the thought.)" It causes a smile to think what a figure one of these men would cut on the stage of to-day, and yet Thomas Betterton, at least, was a very great actor about two hundred years ago. D'Israeli, in his "Curiosities of Literature," says of him, that his appearance of horror, when acting Hamlet, at the sight of his father's spectre was so intense and natural that the spectators "shuddered in their veins" on beholding him. Blackwood's Magazine in 1861 spoke of him as the "greatest actor the English stage ever possessed with the possible exception of Garrick."

There is a story told about him that one day when he called on Archbishop Tillotson at Lambeth, the prelate asked him how it came about that after he had made the most moving discourse that he could, was touched deeply with it himself and spoke it as feelingly as he was able, yet he could never move people in the church near so much as the other did on the stage. "That" answered Batter-

ton, "is easily accounted for. It is because you are only telling them a story and I am showing them facts."

Of the actors who impersonated female characters before the Restoration, Edward Kynaston was without doubt the most celebrated and the most beautiful. Pepys in his "Diary" speaks of him "as the prettiest woman in the whole house," and again as "the loveliest lady I ever saw." He was so beautiful that at one time ladies of fashion prided themselves in taking him dressed in his theatrical habit with them in their coaches through Hyde Park after the play. An amusing story is told in connection with Kynaston's assuming women's parts. The king arrived a little early at the theatre one day. Finding the actors not ready to begin, he became impatient and inquired the cause of the delay. Upon this the manager came into the king's box and thinking it best to declare the truth, told the king that the "queen had not shaved yet." "The king," as Cibber concludes the story, "whose good humor loved to laugh at a joke as well as to make one, accepted the excuse which served to divert him till the male queen could be effeminated."

Charles Hart mentioned above as Shakespeare's great nephew, and Michael Mohun have also come down to us as artists, who when young, wore petticoats upon the stage.

An account of the players of this period, however brief, would be incomplete without some mention of Joe Haines, the wildest, most reckless and merriest actor of that wild, reckless and merry age. Aston says he "is more remarkable for the witty, though wicked pranks he played than for acting." The stories about him are innumerable. One of the best of them and one which will serve to give an idea of his character, tells how "one morning a couple of Bailiffs seized him in an action of £20, as the Bishop of Ely was passing by in his Coach. Quoth Joe to the Bailiffs, 'Gentlemen, here 's my Cousin the Bishop of Ely

going into his House; let me but speak to him and he 'll pay the Debt and Charges.' The Bailiffs thought they might venture that as they were within three or four yards of him. So up goes Joe to the Coach and got close to it. The Bishop order'd the Coach to stop whilst Joe, (close to his Ear) said softly, 'My Lord here are two poor Men who have such great Scruples of Conscience that I fear they 'll hang themselves.' 'Indeed,' said the Bishop. So calling to the Bailiffs he said 'you two Men come to me To-morrow morning and I 'll satisfy you.' The Men bow'd and went away. Joe (hugging himself with his fallacious Device) went also his Way. In the morning the Bailiffs (expecting the debt and charges) repaired to the Bishop's where being introduced, 'well' said the Bishop, 'what are your Scruples of Conscience?' 'Scruples' said the Bailiffs, 'we have no scruples, we are Bailiffs who yesterday arrested your cousin Joe Haines for £20, your Lordship promised to satisfy us to-day, and we hope your Lordship will be as good as his word.' The Bishop reflecting that his Honour and Name would be exposed if he complied not, paid the debt and the charges." Haines was an actor of great popularity and remained on the stage for thirty years, from 1672 to 1781 in which year he died.

Among the many strange events recorded in the annals of stage history, one of the most remarkable is the case related by W. C. Russell in his "Representative Actors," of the death of a player due to his intensity of emotion while acting his part. The actor's name was W. Bond, and so passionately did he identify himself with the character, that in the climax of the play—the discovery of his daughter long given up for lost—he actually fainted. The audience redoubled its applause, but finding his swoon prolonged became uneasy. Bond was with difficulty placed in a chair, when he faintly spoke, extended his arms to receive his children, raised his eyes to heaven and died.

Women were first introduced upon the stage by Sir William Davenant at his theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields in 1662. This innovation was at first pronounced an indecorum and copiously apologized for, but it became speedily popular, so much so indeed, that before long whole plays were represented of which the cast consisted wholly of women. The question of the identity of the first English actress is a very intricate one and as yet unsettled. The distinction has been variously assigned to Anne Marshall, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Sanderson and Margaret Hughes.

In point of merit there can be little doubt as to the identity of the first English actress for at least a hundred years after the Restoration. To Mrs. Oldfield this honor unquestionably belongs, both by reason of her unusual physical advantages and her splendid dramatic talent. She was one of the most beautiful women the English stage has ever seen. Says Fielding in describing her, "the ravishing perfections of this lady are so much the admiration of every eye and every ear, that they will remain fixed in the memory of many when these light scenes are forgotten." Her pictures show her to us as tall and gracefully proportioned with very expressive features and large, speaking eyes, which, we learn, she kept half shut in some particular comic situations, especially when she intended to realize some brilliant idea. She was a spirited and sprightly actress upon the stage, but when off it she could assume a carriage of high-bred dignity and graciousness.

In private life Mrs. Oldfield was generous, humane, witty and well-bred. Pope's bitterness against her, to which he gave expression in the lines

"Engaging Oldfield! who with grace and ease
Could join the arts to ruin and to please."

seems to have arisen more from his chronic tendency to say something unpleasant than from any foundation on fact. Mrs. Oldfield died on the 23d of October, 1730, according

to Bellchamber, "most sincerely lamented by those to whom her general value was not unknown."

One of the best loved and most courted actresses of the time was Mrs. Anne Bracegirdle, who was for a while Mrs. Oldfield's foremost rival. "She was of a lovely Height, with dark brown Hair and Eye brows, black sparkling Eyes and a fresh blushing Complexion . . . having usually a cheerful aspect and a fine Set of even white Teeth, never making an exit but that she left the Audience in an Imitation of her pleasant countenance." Although she had admireress without number and although many of the best authors, Rowe and Congreve in particular, wrote plays for her, yet she retired from the stage when not much over thirty, probably because Mrs. Oldfield was excelling her in popular estimation. She was very charitable and used often to go into Clare market and give money to the unemployed basket women, "insomuch that she could not pass that neighborhood without the thankful acclamations of the people of all Degrees; so that if any person affronted her they would have been in Danger of being killed directly."

Mrs. Mary Porter was the great tragic actress of her time, having but little merit in light or comic parts. In scenes where passion predominated she exerted her powers to a supreme degree and rose to heights of eloquence and fervor, which neither Mrs. Oldfield nor Mrs. Bracegirdle ever surpassed and but seldom equalled at their best. During many years that she acted she was a cripple, having had her hip joint dislocated by a fall from her chaise in an encounter with a highwayman, whom she intimidated by the use of a brace of pistols, which she always carried for her defense on her solitary rides home every night from the theatre. When she found that this man had been driven to desperation by want, she gave him ten guineas and afterwards raised sixty pounds by subscription for the relief

of his family. She herself had the misfortune to outlive a small annuity upon which she depended, and before she died was compelled to subsist on charity.

Many and beautiful and gifted were the actresses of that day, if we may believe the reports that have come down to us, and difficult would be the task of picking out one to the exclusion of others without injustice; but if any one of that talented group of women, deserves to be mentioned above, the rest, it is Mrs. Margaret Woffington.—Peg Woffington the Irish orange-girl, whose life has been rescued from oblivion and immortalized by the novel which bears her name. Very winsome and attractive she must have been, for within a month after her debut in the English metropolis all London was at her feet. Her name was on every mouth and poets, statesmen, scholars and fops were tripping over each other to pay her court. Her whole life, from her adoption by the French dancer, through her meteoric rise and brilliant existence in London, to the tragic close of her career on the boards at Covent Garden, reads like a very romance. Her's will always be a figure of the most romantic interest and peculiar fascination to those who know of the story of her life.

It might not be out of place in treating of the 17th and 18th century players, to make mention of one of the great managers of his day, a man as well known for his gift of mimicry and his clever performance of the harlequin, as for his successful management of two great London play houses, namely John Rich, who opened, and for many years controlled both the the Lincoln's Inn Fields and the Covent Garden Theatres. His memory merits perpetuity if only for the sake of the many capital stories that are associated with his name. One evening as he was returning home from the playhouse in a hackney-coach, he ordered the coachman to drive him to the Sun, then a famous tavern in Clare Market. Just as the coach passed

one of the windows of the tavern, Rich, who perceived it to be open, dexterously threw himself out of the coach-window into the room. The coachman, who saw nothing of this transaction, drew up, descended from his box, opened the coach door, and let down the step, then taking off his hat he waited for some time expecting his fare to alight. At length looking into the coach and seeing it empty, he bestowed a few hearty curses on the rascal who had bilked him, remounted his box, turned about and was returning to his stand, when Rich, who had watched his opportunity, threw himself into the coach, looked out, asked the fellow where the devil he was driving and desired him to turn about. The coachman almost petrified with fear, instantly obeyed and once more drove up to the door of the tavern. Rich now got out and after reproaching the fellow with stupidity, tendered him his money.

"No, God bless your honour," said the coachman, "my master has ordered me to take no money to-night."

"Pshaw," said Rich; "your master is a fool; here's a shilling for yourself."

"No, no," said the coachman who had by this time mounted his box, "that won't do. I know you too well for all your shoes, and so Mr. Devil for once you 're outwitted."

That Mr. Rich was a man of considerable agility goes without saying, and this other story will show that he was as quick in wit as he was in body.

James Quinn a player who had often acted in Rich's company, in a fit of indignation at another's preferment, one day left the stage and retired to Bath. He shortly regretted his departure from the boards and became anxious to return. By way of hinting the possibility of such an occurrence to Rich, he wrote to the manager a note remarkable for its brevity.

"I am at Bath.—Quinn."

To this an answer, equally laconic, came back.

"Stay there and be damned.—Rich."

It has been of course impossible to give even an approximately complete account of all the players who lived and flourished in the century and a half after Elizabeth's time. A great multitude they were, some good, some indifferent and doubtless many poor. But of a few of the more famous and more successful of them some mention however brief and bare has been made, not for the purpose of either criticizing or defending them, but in an endeavor to show the appreciation of one who admires them, for their genius and their achievements; and this paper will have more than served its purpose if it excites sufficient interest in one chance reader to lead him to look further into the lives of these old actors and actresses, who by their efforts made possible the position to which the stage has to-day attained, and paved the way for a Terry, an Irving and a Jefferson.

—*H. B. Patton.*

FOR THE SAKE OF ANOTHER.

There is something about coffee and cigarettes on a winter's night that promotes good fellowship, and no matter how dear our friends may be, when we glance over our *cafe noir*, and see them looming through waving wreaths of smoke, they grow strongly nearer and closer to us.

Perhaps that is why we liked the Fraulein best in those long evenings round the red hall lamp, the Fraulein smoking with us, not with the self-conscious ostentation of an American girl, but with the frank, natural enjoyment of a man. If any one else had presided over our circle, I sup-

pose the rest of the *pension* would have been shocked at the late, unchaperoned hours we kept ; but as it was even Frau Hertzberg was indulgent and what further approbation could one wish ?

The others were wont to crowd round at such times, for Tatsuya's merry tales of Old Japan were famous ; and no one who had heard the Herr Professor half-sing, half-chant some wild Norse tale in a voice like the southing of the Baltic pines, would fail to remember and return.

But this evening by rare chance we were left alone, the Hofburg Theatre claiming our fellow *pensionaires*, who passed into the black night casting envious glances at our warm corner ; and not a few of them would have been willing to stay behind when they saw the Freülein's violin, for what new name was more bruited in Berlin than that of Freülein Jonson the Swedish violinist ?

It was with ill-concealed delight that we saw the hall-door close at last, for then our evening began and we drew our chairs closer together and sat for a time in that comfortable silence one finds only in the inner circle of one's friends.

"Some of your American cigarettes please," said the Fraulein imperiously, bending towards me. "Wilhelm, more coffee ! Frau Hertzberg is not here to night. Now, some of you entertain me. Stop being owls please !"

Tatsuya started ; for though he was always boasting the beauty of the slim, dark eyed maidens of the east, he had been staring through the wreaths of smoke that veiled the Freülein's glory of hair and bright, deep eyes with a shy oriental persistency. But the Professor never heard for his slow glance had sought her face and rested there with an intensity he never wasted even on the runes he loved so well.

"It's the Professor's turn, make him perform Freülein," I suggested.

"The Professor!" the Freülein's voice suggested, infinite scorn. "I tell you he is an Owl. He has been as glum and gloomy lately as a—a—" She paused helplessly.

"Perhaps your levity has depressed him. If you could only have heard him call you names this morning!"

"It was terrible." He actually called you—"The Fraulein," said Tatsuya gravely.

"Did he? Then he must pay the forfeit. Awake, Owl, and be entertaining!"

The Herr Professor moved uneasily with a deep low grumble—"Bah! I was never good at entertaining children. The Freülein shall play for us." Then his voice changed strangely—"If you only would Fraulein."

Tatsuya looked wonderingly at me and pressed my arm, and the Freülein after a swift inquiring look at the Professor's face, reached for her violin. With loving fingers she took it out of its case and then for a time I think she forgot us all, for her eyes stared past us and she played as in a dream.

I do not know what she played, I have never heard it before or since, it may have been her own, but it rose so clear and sweet, that one hung on the strains and forgot aught else. Though we saw her white neck curve over the strings, and the subtle arch of her wrist as the bow flashed to and fro, we forgot all but the true Freülein, the voice which thrilled through the music and spoke as noth-else could. Yet I think the professor hardly heard, for he leaned forward in his chair, his chin resting on his hands, his brow knit, seeming as one in doubt and battling with himself.

The music died away, rich and strong, and yet so gently toward the close that I was scarcely conscious it had ceased, until the Professor, raising his head, broke in with his deep tones—

"You are young, Freülein, but you are wise. No one

can play as you do who has not lived and felt." I will tell you a story just as my friend told it to me and you shall tell me what answer to give him."

"It is a spell! He has found his voice," muttered Tatsuya in my ear, and truly the quick, determined speech seemed hardly to belong to the conner of musty books we knew, and the Freülein leaned back to listen, curious and intent. The fire died in his eyes and he sat silent for a moment and then he sank deep in his chair and began in low resonant tones which somehow thrilled us.

"I first met him at the University, some years ago, and since we were both Danes we naturally drew together spending most of our time in each other's company. We were very poor in those days, but we worked, ah! how we worked! We could do anything then on a few Brödchen with Schwartzbier. We left the University at the same time with high honors and still higher hopes, but everything was before us yet, for we must make names for ourselves before the professorships we both coveted could be attained. So we began the long task we had set ourselves; but fame came slowly and the *marks* were few. Then two years ago as spring drew on his health began to fail and he was ordered to the Hartz to rest. So he went to Wernigerode and took a room over a little store on the Hoch Gasse, and for a few days he wandered idly up and down the little town or sat smoking innumerable pipes under the trees. But then the old need of work came over him and he sent for his books and began again, laboring till late in the afternoon and far into the night on the monograph which was to him his professorship. It was in the few brief hours he rested that he came to know the landlord's daughter. They became good friends as the days went by and they would stroll together round the little platz or out towards the woods, and he grew to look forward to these walks and miss them strangely when the weather hin-

dered. He had known few women in his life and what wonder that the comely burgher lass attracted him! His brain weary with constant work was content to rest and listen to her innocent prattle, and he found a pair of shy blue eyes a pleasant change from ceaseless rows of type.

"And then it was summer, and the sun was warm and everything was so bright and there was so restful a quiet among the low hills and the shadows of the pines. So the inevitable happened and he asked her to be his wife."

The Professor paused and leaned forward slightly, pushing his red locks from his forehead. Tatsuya lit another cigarette and the Freilein, half turned away and resting on the arm of her chair, shaded her eyes with her hand and I could not see her face.

"He was very happy in the short time he had left and he worked as he had never done before, for he was poor, and it is hard to wait when one is young. Soon however he had to return to Berlin, but they had talked it over and agreed that they should not be married till a position was offered him and then he was to come back for her.

"So he returned to the old round of life working with renewed vigor and with more success than he could have expected, but as the months went by he was startled to realize that she was less in his thoughts than formerly, though he still wrote as usual and in the same old way.

"It seemed quite another thing when sitting alone in a little room on a winter's night from what it had been in those long walks on the Armeleuteberg. But she loved him dearly, and he dismissed such thoughts as dishonorable but in spite of himself day by day he awoke from his dream, till at last the plain truth stared him in the face. He had been deceived; it was a whim; he had never loved her. Still he never allowed a hint of this to creep into his letters and she never dreamed of it. When summer came he did not dare go back and he put off his expected visit

by one excuse and another and though she was bitterly disappointed she trusted him in her innocent, childish way and made no protest.

"Then, before the winter *Semester* opened, his wished-for goal, a chair in the University, was offered him. He wrote and told her his good fortune, and her simple unselfish joy smote him. But he could not go back and claim her then, try as he would he could not reconcile himself to that, and so he excused himself once more saying that his new duties required his presence in Berlin but when the winter *Semester* was over he would come. In the meanwhile he sought better lodgings at her own request, for it was unseemly for a Herr Professor, shortly to be married, to live in a garret. So he moved and then once more he learned the lesson so many must be taught. Ach, what right has a man, who has only known one woman to be betrothed! How does he know what women are or what he wants?"

His voice sank still lower.

"Yes, he met another. Then he learned that he needed something more than childish trust and a sweet voice. It is not common in Germany, I know, but he needed a wife who should be more than a good cook and nurse. What had he in common with a simple burgher lass? And he found what love meant, and it was no passing fancy but his very life. He had no right to, he knew, but he gloried in it, though he still wrote as usual and his betrothed never knew.

"And now the winter *Semester* draws to an end."

The Professor's eyes filled with a strang light as he spoke. Tatsuya smoked on stolidly and the Fraulein shaded her eyes still deeper with her hand.

"He came to me not long ago, and in his trouble, asked me for advice. He has never spoken to the other one and she does not dream of it. Now what answer shall

I give him? He did not sin wittingly for he thought he loved, but now after all these years dare he go back and tell her it was a passing fancy?" His voice grew pleading. "And yet can he go to her with no love in his heart and all his life live a hollow sham?

"He loves, yes I know he loves as I believe few have, and what could I tell him, for I am but a man? But you Freülein are a woman and you are wise. What shall I tell him? Shall he go back or no?"

He leaned towards her, speaking almost in a whisper and his soul was in his eyes.

The Freülein bent low over her violin and the little rebellious waves of shining hair fell over her forehead and hid her face, and if her fingers touched the strings it was not because she tried to move them.

It seemed long but it was only a moment, and when she spoke her voice was low yet clear.

"Tell him—yes, tell him to go back, and the other, if she knew, would love him better. It is hard, yes it is hard but," she raised her head proudly and looked him in the face, "tell him to go back."

The Professor watched her for a moment and then sank back in his chair and by some strange, subtle transformation he seemed once more the slow moving giant we knew so well.

"Yes," he said huskily, "he will go back. I will tell him and he will go."

We never heard the others returning till the door flew open and they came in laughing and chattering, bringing the cold night air with them.

The Freülein rose with a low good night, and the Professor, standing, followed her with his eyes till she left the room and then took his coat and went out.

"What have you people been doing to the Professor?" asked Frau Hertzberg, laughing and shaking her fingers

at Tatsuya and me. "This sitting together makes people stupid. You should have seen the play."

"We have seen a tragedy, by God," growled Tatsuya as we moved away and when Tatsuya swore it meant he was deeply moved.

—F. J. H. Sutton.

THE ALCHEMIST.

Down in the silence,
Deep in the dark,
Close to the Centre, brewing the gold—

Gnome, do you hear, from the surface—hark!—
A long, dull, far away roaring rolled?

Roar of the hollow and weariless "World!"
Aimless and wandering, drifted and whirled,
Hoping for all, believing in naught.
Casting away the things it has sought,
Following Chance, frightened at Fate—
Choosing the Little
Craving the Great.
What if it knew! How could it know!
Would it believe?—Down, down below,
Down, deep and deaf in the innermost hold,
You and your brothers are brewing its gold!
Brew, then, poor wizard, a-down in the dark!
What, do you long to come up to the air,
To cast the black robe of your strangeness and mask,
Be one of the gallant, and gracious and fair
In the "World" that is gentle and kindly in seeming?
—Touch hands and meet eyes that are not quite cold,
Of those you love better than they can be dreaming?
Ay, come—for a minute;
Then back to the gold
Ere languor steals under the courteous smile.
You smell of your cavern. Stay only awhile,
Then—down. You are better a-brewing their gold.

And so the World truly is shifting and vain ?
Courage ! Bethink you—
You know it is not !
Say, after your threescore of toiling and pain,
You laid your pale bones by the treasure to rot ;
Say you pass'd and your *name* be forever forgot,
With the millions the full-searching light never knew—
Yet the World as it is, as it hath been of old,
The World that is deep, patient, earnest and true—
The World that is really far greater than you—
The World will delve on, till it findeth its gold !

—William Miller Gamble.

EDGAR WILSON NYE.

Some one has said that the ludicrous side of life, like the serious side, has its literature and it is a literature of untold wealth. If we divide this literature broadly into two chief classes, the first would include those works which are of a humorous nature merely because the style in which they are written is the characteristic expression of the author's individuality. In the second would be placed all those writings which have no other end in view than that they may be the vehicle of humor. The first are marked by definite, often serious thought and aim, clothed though it may be with humorous expression ; the second, by a humorous thought or idea alone, given for its own sake and expressed in appropriate language. It is in this latter class that we must place the writings of those who are recognized as professional humorists.

Mr. Bryce was the first to remark that the American people are as conspicuously the purveyors of wit to the nineteenth century as the French were purveyors of wit to the eighteenth. Close to the head, then, of those who rank as distinctively American humorists we would place the name of Edgar Wilson Nye.

Humorists, like poets, are born, not made. Their ranks are recruited from the numbers of those who have started out in life with quite a different end in view, with not even the intention, it may be, of pursuing a literary career, but who sooner or later have discovered their ability in this particular field of literature and who thereafter have devoted themselves exclusively to it. Such was the case with Mr. Nye. Although educated as a lawyer, he practiced only a short time before entering the field of journalism, and the immediate success of his humorous articles led him to abandon all thought of pursuing the legal profession and to turn his whole attention to this new sphere of activity. In this he continued to busy himself until at the time of his death the signature and caricatured portrait of "Bill Nye," the humorous writer and lecturer were familiar throughout the country. From the many references to his own life and experiences scattered throughout his works it would almost be possible to gather sufficient material for a brief but certainly whimsical biographical sketch. Indeed it is an interesting fact, though not generally known, that all these allusions to incidents in his career are the humorous views which he took of actual occurrences, as for instance his account of the breaking of his leg in a cyclone out west, or his experiences as an editor.

He was born in Maine, "at an early age of his life," (as he himself said) or more exactly in the year 1850. After a few years his family moved west to Wisconsin where he lived all through his boyhood, and indeed until he had completed his education and had been admitted to the bar in that state. In some of his earlier writings he records his experiences as a young lawyer before ill health compelled him to remove further west to Laramie City, at that time a rapidly growing frontier town. Here, in 1875, he began to write for the press, his work meeting with

widespread approval from the beginning. After a short connection with the Denver *Tribune*, he founded, in 1881, the Laramie *Boomerang*, and it was this latter paper, his own publication, that first made him really famous; for through a wide circulation of the *Boomerang*, and through an extensive reprinting of his articles in other papers, he became rapidly known throughout the west and east as a humorous writer of no little merit. He seems now to have definitely decided to spend his life as "an youmorist." When asked how he came to be one, he replied. "I don't know. I blame my parents some. They might have prevented it if they had taken it in time, but they did n't. They let it run on till it got established, and now it 's no use to go to Hot Springs or the mountains or to have an operation performed. . . . My whole life is blasted. I do not dare to eat pie or preserves and no one tells funny stories when I am near!"

As the range of his writings increased and met with continued favor he returned to the east and settled on Staten Island. At this time he was writing for a press syndicate his weekly letters, which obtained such a wide circulation throughout the country, not only through the city Sunday papers but in country towns, where the "patent insides" of weekly publications contained regular installments of these writings. He afterwards removed to the mountains of Western North Carolina, where, a few miles from the little village of Arden (from which his later letters were dated), he built himself a beautiful home on the banks of the French Broad River. He described his house as of "Queen Anne style on one side, reaching back as far as the time of William, and reaching back on the other side, as far as the hen-house." It was here that he wrote his "Comic History of the United States" and began his "History of England," which was only partially completed at the time of his death in 1896.

Bill Nye's position among humorists is a unique one, from the very nature of his writings. Beginning as a journalist, with short contributions to the daily press his style was naturally colloquial rather than distinctly literary. This is a characteristic which remained in later years, even when the scope of his writings extended beyond the local interests of a growing western town and included any subject in which his quick mind detected material for an interesting article.

His humor, too, is of a variety that does not find a parallel among the writings of any other humorist. It does not consist of a series of puns such as, in great measure, marked the lecture work of Artemus Ward; nor is it dependent upon distorted "fonetic" spelling to convey, through the eyes, an indefinable sense of something ludicrous as in the case of the latter's writings. It is not the aphoristic humor of Josh Billings with its characteristic orthography. Nor is it like that style of writing which has made Mark Twain undoubtedly the foremost humorist of the day. To characterize it briefly we may say that for the most part it is marked by an inimitably droll incongruity between thought and expression. He passes rapidly along producing an irresistible effect by the juxtaposition of ideas entirely unrelated. This is further heightened by the frequent use of quaint and unusual words and phrases, often colloquialisms and expressions familiar to our boyhood which have a renewed charm after long disuse.

This conversational familiarity of tone gives additional attractiveness to a style naturally fluent and flexible. Any one familiar with his writings cannot fail to be impressed with the wide range of his observation and information. From every source he brings the similes and illustrations and technical words which give such variety to his work; more than variety indeed, for it is

the intentional misapplication of just these similes and technicalities which is the foundation of much of his incongruity of expression and ludicrous phraseology.

Another striking feature of his work and one which never fails in effectiveness, is his present and abrupt descent from the sublime to the ridiculous. Take for instance that passage in his article on poetry. "Hardened indeed must he be whose soul is dead to the glad song of the true poet, and we can but pity the gross and brutal nature which refuses to throb and burn with spiritual fire, lighted with coals from the altars of the gods. I speak only for myself, when I say, that seven or eight twangs of the lyre, stir my impressionable nature so that I rise above the cares and woes of this earthly life, and paw the ground and yearn for the unyearnable and howl."

In his longest works, the Histories of the United States and England it becomes evident that he is more than a mere humorist rehabilitating in facetious garb the chronicles of history. Throughout it all there is a keen insight into human nature, an appreciation and an exposing of men's motives which are the more strongly thrown into relief in the light of his satire and penetrating humor. While these two are his longest continuous writings, some of his best work is found in the shorter sketches, especially in that collection published since his death, under the title of "A Guest at the Ludlow."

He prefaced this book with that amusing little verse:

"Go ! Little Booklet, go !
Bearing an honored name,
Till everywhere that you have went
They're glad that you have come !"

But in another sense he was more than a mere "funny-man." While his humor is genuine and clean, at the same time we often find in him a master of pathos with a remarkable command of language and poetic expression.

Beneath much of the superficiality of ridicule and comical expression there is a deep undercurrent of thought, which is at once evident in the more substantial portions of his work.

The incongruity between thought and word which characterized his writings, in conversation assumed the form of quaintness of speech which possessed an irresistible charm for the listener. His wide observation and exact memory made him a most excellent conversationalist and as a story teller he was unsurpassed, possessing a great variety of stories and relating them in a way entirely characteristic.

It has been a notable fact that many of the world's humorists have been men whose lives and dispositions were not in accord with the spirit of their writings. Bill Nye stands as an exception to this rule. Although the later years of his life were overshadowed by continued ill health his flow of spirits was undiminished, his cheerfulness was unchanged under all circumstances. To the very end he maintained the same geniality of disposition toward all and thousands have lost in him a friend whose writings never failed to banish for a while the cares of life. It was deplorable that the ill-health which compelled him to discontinue his last lecture course and which soon afterwards resulted in his death, should have been taken as the ground for certain uncharitable attacks upon his personal character, which the facts of his life certainly do not substantiate.

The words of a well known writer in brief characterization of Nye's work, make a fitting conclusion to this sketch. "Gentle, loving and sympathetic he felt deeply and made his readers feel with him that there is poetry in life and many gentler virtues and also suffering. It is this occasional deeper tone in the best of his work that raises it to the rank of literature and promises to make it endure."

—W. C. E.

"THE GALLOWS OF HAYMAN."

She was just the demurest, most naive little woman that you could imagine. I was ever a reader of character, and the moment I set eyes on her, in the breakfast room of the United States Hotel I mentally classified her as an ingenue of the purest water. But this was not her only attraction. She was as pretty as a piece of Dresden China ; her large brown eyes had a confiding expression of childlike innocence and her manner was shy almost to timidity. I—a man of the world, felt sorry for her, with her *génie* little ways. I felt that instinctive pity which a big athletic man always feels for a woman, if he be indeed a man, and pity you know is akin to—we 'll say interest.

Be this as it may, I was interested. I spilt the brandy in making my *Café à la Russe*, and neglected to eat my breakfast, which with me is a sign of mental abstraction, not to say total aberration.

I waited in the dining room until she had gone ; then I hastened down to the office and glanced over the register. As luck would have it among a long list of names of the newly arrived there was but one of female gender. Mrs. Davenant it read in a dainty nervous little hand which a student of chirography would have called characteristic. The hotel clerk after the manner of his kind was both sleepy and uncommunicative. Evidently there was no information to be gained for the present, so I retired to my room to write letters to the Great American Collecting Company whose agent I was. But it was hard to concentrate any attention upon my work ; my mind was constantly digressing and as I turned over the packages of government specie my imagination converted each head of the goddess of liberty into the dimpled shy little face of the newly arrived Mrs. Davenant.

I grew more and more restless and uneasy and fully

fifteen minutes before the appointed hour of lunch found me in my seat at table. It was some time before she entered in a pretty effect of mousseline de soie, forming a sort of demi toilet for the weather was intensely hot. She looked lonely and sad, and I would have given half the gold and specie in my trunk up stairs to have been able to speak to her and cheer her up with a few words of—well, we 'll say sympathy.

Once our eyes met, and I am positive that I blushed—yes, I blushed beginning with my forehead and extending over the whole of my six feet three of longitude. Certain I am that I overturned the water carafe whereupon I blushed again, this time commencing with my feet and extending in the opposite direction. When I had recovered from my embarrassment, however, I perceived that her own glass had suffered from a loss of equilibrium whereupon I took courage and regained my *savoir faire*.

My composure however was only superficial, inwardly I felt nervous and impatient. I racked my brains in vain for any possible method by which I might introduce myself to the quiet little lady who had so completely taken possession of my attention but without result.

Two, three days passed and I had resigned myself to the inevitable. Collections had been large and had kept me extremely busy all day long. After dinner I went out for a short walk by way of constitutional before retiring for the night. I paused for a moment just outside the hotel to light a cigar, and I thought as I turned to strike a match, that I heard the sound of a window above me being softly raised. At any rate as I turned again something soft and filmy floated down before my face.

I caught the something and held it to the light ; at first, I thought it was a mere cobweb, but a second glance assured me that it was the daintiest of handkerchiefs and in one corner written in a delicate nervous little hand was

the name "Marie Wainwright Davenant." Now I should meet madame ! Besides, the Wainright family or at least a branch of it, were old friends of mine and no doubt would serve as a bond of mutual interest, as that had evidently been her maiden name. I walked the streets for a very long time and when I did return to my room overcome by the labors of the day I slept heavily and late.

Next morning afraid lest the owner of the handkerchief had escaped me, I made a hasty toilet and hurried to the breakfast room. There she sat and when I approached her she looked so timid and frightened that I altogether forgot the handkerchief episode, and after introducing myself in what I felt to be a most awkward fashion, launched immediately into the Wainright of my acquaintance.

Yes, they were her family ; but she passed lightly over the subject. It was so kind and sweet of me to come and speak to her, she was so lonely in this strange place, she said with that childlike ingenuousness which I found more and more bewitching. Was I not bored to death ? How horribly dull it was ! I caught at the last remark in an instant. The opera season began that night, I had a box, could I not hope that she would share it with me ? For a moment her face was radiant with delight, the next it was succeeded by an expression of doubt and she opened her mouth to decline. But she had hesitated and was lost. I suddenly became eloquent and when I left the breakfast room an hour later I had an engagement to escort Mrs. Davenant to the opera at half past nine o'clock.

We had returned, and I was assisting Mrs. Davenant from the carriage.

"It was so kind of you to take me," she exclaimed. "The play was beautiful and that intermezzo ! I shall never forget it. But now it 's my turn to treat," she said coyly. "We are going to have lunch in my apartments."

The clock in the great church tower boomed three

and Mrs. Davenant and I were still tête-à-tête. Time had wrought wonders with her timidity as champagne had with mine. Conversation had started with long rhetorical bursts on my part, followed by monosyllables and expressive sighs on hers, but these soon lapsed into long silences still more dangerous.

Then the climax came. I had been leaning toward her nearer and nearer. For a moment our hands met; the next her little white arms were round my neck embracing me with a grip of steel.

But this movement had one unfortunate result; somehow her foot overturned the tea table standing near us, and its load of glass and silver fell to the floor with a crash. In fact there were two crashes for almost simultaneously the door of the room flew open and I felt rather than saw myself covered by a revolver in the hands of a very determined looking man.

He advanced into the room still covering me, "Do you know," said he, "I could shoot you dead and not a court in the land would convict me of murder."

I attempted an explanation but my apology soon became involved.

"Your life is of no value to me," he replied in tones which expressed really more satisfaction than anger. "Of just how much value it is to you is what I wish to ascertain. You have been seen at the theatre with my wife. The hotel people know that you are having supper in her apartments. I enter suddenly and you are shot; the law of this state would not indict me for a misdemeanor. Yet, to be frank, I don't want to take your life except as an alternative. You have in your possession certain sums of money which I might use most advantageously." He said this with a leer at his wife who still stood at my side.

"I will give you five thousand," I groaned (thinking of the loss to my company and my necessary emigration

from the country). "Every cent of which," I continued "is in my room; shall I go and get it?"

"Well, yes," he answered "with my assistance, otherwise you might not come back and Madame," he added sarcastically "would be disconsolate."

As we left the room I gave her one parting glance, for I die game, but the result was amazing; Madame was actually laughing. It must have been hysterics, I thought as I led the way through the long vacant corridor. Not a soul was stirring at this early hour of the morning, and as we passed a panel mirror I noted in the dim gas light that the steady hand of my companion still held a revolver in uncomfortable proximity to my head.

Reaching my room, I opened the trunk which contained my valuables. His eyes glittered as he shoved package after package of government notes into his capacious pockets. "There is two thousand in gold in the bottom of the trunk," I said at length, as he had denuded the tray of its contents. "Here help me lift it."

For an instant he stooped, but in that instant I was on his back, and wrenching the pistol from his grasp placed it to his head. "Police!" "Burglar!" "Help!" I shouted till I heard the hurry of feet on the stairs below. "What in the devil are you doing in my trunk! with my money!" I yelled to the erstwhile Mr. Davenant. "You are a thief! and I could shoot you dead and not a court in the land would convict me of murder."

—*M. Nisbet Latta.*

AUGUST 10th, 1793.

The rabble rages in the streets,
 Rebellion swells her flood,
 The nation's pulse with hatred beats
 For France's noblest blood.

"Bread, bread, we starve!" the people cry
 To Louis, fated king;
 The cannon boom, the shouts rise high,
 The deep-toned church bells ring.

Between a monarch and his fall
 A loyal remnant stand,
 Defiant, calm, undaunted all,
 They scorn the mob's demand.

"Stand firm and be this spot our tomb!
 Accursed they who fly!"
 And struggling with their master's doom
 To France's shame they die.

—William W. Staake.

THE MISSION OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.

[*A Legend of Early Illinois*].

On the afternoon of a clear, September day, the bark canoe containing Father Bonner and two Indian guides glided slowly up the Illinois river, whose placid waters had seldom before reflected the face of a white man. This Jesuit missionary came of a wealthy and distinguished French parentage, and when scarcely of age he gave promise of becoming an influential factor in his native city of Verona. His unusual abilities were early noted and sought for by the clergy, and when he became of proper age he was ordained a priest. His independent spirit, how-

ever, revolted at the idea of entering a monastery and, being enthusiastic in a certain phase of the cause which he had entered rather reluctantly, he sailed for America, forsaking home, wealth and friends to spend a life among the savages of the western world.

His character and disposition were eminently suited to the kind of life into which he had entered. His home life had been pleasant but severe, and he had developed a sweetness of temper, and fine appreciation of human nature as found in all its phases about his home, which had gone far toward winning him a place in the hearts of every people with whom he had been associated. Civilization at this time was almost wholly confined to the French possessions in the far north and south and the spectral population extending from the Ohio eastward. To the northwest the country was in a state of primeval nature. Herds of buffalo spread over the plains and wild game of every description was abundant.

— All day Bonner had gazed dreamily at the changing panorama through which he was passing, thinking of the many perils and hardships which he had undergone, and keeping time with his fingers to the regular beat of the paddles. His destination was the Indian village of La Vantum, the center of life for all the tribes of that section. Here the great chiefs of the neighboring villages met for council and here was located the mart for the exchange and barter of Indian commodities.

The sun was sinking low in the west when, as the boat rounded a sharp point of rock, the occupants saw before them a city, built along the river for more than a mile in extent, while back of it the great meadow was covered with corn fields and camping tents and swarmed with human beings. At the sight of the canoe loud exclamations of surprise and wonder came from a group of redskins fishing on the opposite bank, and leaping to their

feet they sent the news rapidly through the village. In a short time a great crowd had assembled along the river to see the strange being, and warriors, fully armed, lined the shore prepared to give the strangers battle if enemies and to treat them with kindness if friends.

Bonner was unmoved. His experience had taught him the importance of the first meeting, and standing erect in the bow of the boat, he held aloft in one hand a pipe of peace, and in the other a small gold cross, while the guides pushed the canoe slowly to shore. The effect was immediate and powerful. Overcome with astonishment the Indians collected around him, loading him down with presents to appease the wrath of the great Manitou from whom they believed he had come. In this first impression which Bonner made he gained for himself the favor of the people, which for so long proved to be so true and lasting.

Day by day he labored among the savages with encouraging success and grew more and more into their affections. To their simple minds he was a god and they guarded him like a child. By persistent teaching his power and influence spread out in all directions through the tribe and they believed implicitly every word he said. At one point, however, he was for a time wholly baffled. The great chief, Black Hawk, refused to believe him and would have nothing to do with the white-haired stranger. Black Hawk's influence was wide and his conversion meant a great achievement for the cause of Christianity in the town of La Vantum. He attended every meeting which was held, but with the apparent purpose only of noting the effect of the priest's words upon his warriors. Nine months and more Bonner labored with him, praising and flattering him as chief of the tribes and telling him of the Great Chief who would always be on his side and give him the victory.

These persuasive arts finally succeeded and Black Hawk was converted. His high and independent spirit

however had not been changed, and he was as jealous as ever of his leadership. He had been captivated by the flatteries of Father Bonner, and by their strength only, he was closely bound to the old man.

A year had elapsed since his arrival, and on the anniversary day all the Indians, both old and young assembled, on the meadow above the town to hear good tidings from the French Manitou. Bonner, standing in the midst of the vast assemblage preached to them of the Virgin of Christ, of the God of Heaven and Hell, and ended by exhorting them to tear down the temple and images erected to the god of war, and worship their one God only.

He had been leading them for a twelvemonth along the paths of Christianity and the time had now come for a change.

Never had so many Indians worked in harmony before and every deer and elk skin which the tribe possessed went to the construction of a temple for the Manitou. The pride of every soul was centered in the simple structure they were raising, and when the house of God was completed, all the chiefs and old warriors forming in solemn procession, entered the sacred edifice, while Bonner with befitting ceremonies dedicated it in honor of the Holy Virgin, giving it the name of "The Immaculate Conception."

The spiritual life of La Vantum had now begun. Every day the chapel was filled with Indians and every day the white haired priest went to and fro to minister to his flock. The second spring had arrived with all its promise of life; the groves were once more green and the prairie was covered with grass and flowers. With everything alive and astir, preparations were made for the celebration of Easter. The chapel was decorated with evergreens worked by the skill of native hands into crosses and various other devices. Incense was burned on the altar and lights were kept burning during the day, according to

the custom of the Catholic Church. The woods far and near had been searched for wild turkey eggs, which were colored and distributed among the converts in commemoration of the Holy Resurrection. The day was a joyous one for the Indians and long remembered, but it ended the ministry of Bonner among them for some time. After the service which was marked by unusual spirit and inspiration, he announced that he had been called to leave them and carry the news to the other nations ; that his work among them was ended. He was about to start for Canada, but promised to send a priest to teach them the ways of salvation, and as soon as possible he himself would return again.

The Indians heard the news in sadness and gathering about the holy father they begged him to remain with them. It was a silent group which assembled with the chiefs to smoke the farewell pipe, and when the moment of departure had come, with a faltering voice and conscious effort to control his emotions, the old priest stepped into the boat which was to carry him northward.

The shore was lined with warriors as on his arrival, but how changed ! A holy life had softened them and when the bark canoe which bore him rapidly away, was some distance from the shore, he turned and waved his hand. A great shout arose from the crowd and then a sharp point hid them from view.

* * * * *

While Bonner was laboring among the Indians of the North, there lived in the region of what is now Frankfort, Ky., a young slave named Jean Pierre, who had been brought by his master from Louisiana into that new country. Pierre was a type of half breed found along the lower Mississippi valley, combining a measure of French wit and cunning with the stubborn hard-headedness of the coal black negro. His whole service under his master had been

one of deceit and intrigue, and more than once he had been severely chastised in consequence. He had associated much with the Indians, learned their language and became fascinated with their free independent mode of living. The long days of labor in the sunny tobacco fields had not served to reconcile him to his fate. His proud spirit could not be subdued by the whip of his master and when a favorable opportunity presented itself he severed the bond which made him a slave and, taking the north star for a guide, he soon became a free man. Armed with his master's rifle and a large hunting knife, he turned his back upon the plantation and plunged into the forest. Many weeks he wandered aimlessly about and at last found himself in the wilderness of the Illinois river, in the city of La Vantum.

Pierre was at first treated with great awe and respect by the natives and he, in his turn, was surprised to find on every hand such unmistakable evidences of the presence of white civilization and influence. He often heard the Indians speak of the "white haired Manitou," and always when they spoke the name they would gaze wistfully up the river as if they expected to see him appear around the further bend. But above all, his curiosity was aroused by the presence of the little mission where the whole city went daily to offer prayer and chant their weird hymns. There could be no doubt but that the influence of the man, whoever he was, had been powerful and lasting.

The first year of Pierre's life in La Vantum was uneventful. He cultivated a small piece of ground and in time built himself a shelter and married an Indian squaw. Many days at a time he would spend in hunting and fishing, during which periods of seclusion his mind would have full play and at length turned to concocting schemes to make himself a chief among the Indians. His cunning wit saw the possibility of imposing on the credul-

ity of the simple natives and if he could in any way become a god to them his highest desire would be gratified. Once when he chanced to be in the presence of several of the oldest warriors, he told them that he had been a great chief among the whites of the south and expected to become one among them also. Possessing a considerable amount of shrewdness and good address, this cunning half breed tried various means to gain the confidence of the Indians, but all his plans failed.

Two years had passed away since Father Bonner's departure, but the mission of "The Immaculate Conception" continued to thrive and his memory was still fresh in the minds of all. Great was the surprise and rejoicing in the town of La Vantum, when during the early weeks of the third summer he returned again as quietly as an angel sent from Heaven. His frame was bowed with hardship and the face once strong now bore unmistakable signs of care and privation. Something in the vigorous climate of the North had stolen the brightness from his eye and a close observer could not fail to note that a great change had come over this holy father of years before, although his heart still seemed warm and his love for the mission on the Illinois as great as ever. The spiritual enthusiasm among the Indians was kindled afresh and at every meeting the little chapel was filled to overflowing.

Black Hawk must have noted the change, for his greeting to the priest was very cool and formal. Doubtless the persistent efforts of Jean Pierre to usurp his place had made the chief dissatisfied and the growing power and popularity of the white Manitou on his return had stirred up jealousies in the heart of the proud savage.

Bonner had returned but a short time when Jean Pierre, perceiving his influence, thought he might use it for his own advantage, and with this idea in view he sought his friendship and gained his confidence. He was baptized

into the church and became a zealous Catholic, attending all meetings and, whenever occasion offered, saying long and fervent paternosters. Father Bonner thought only of making Pierre an instrument in his hands to promote the cause of Christianity, while Pierre on his part, expected to use the priest in advancing his claims to the chieftainship. So the two became friends and labored for each other's interests.

Pierre visited the priest and expressed his intention of joining the church and devoting his time to the advancement of its cause. With extraordinary tact he laid before Bonner all his plans for becoming chief and what power and influence he would have among the tribes if he should attain to it. As the priest heard the words of the crafty Pierre, his face lighted up with an unnatural joy and with child-like simplicity he fell easily in with the half-breed's plans.

Accordingly on the following Sabbath at the close of the service, Father Bonner notified all the Indians who were communicants of the church to meet with him on Saint Jerome's day at the mission for the purpose of offering up prayers to Christ and the Holy Virgin. His real object however was to have Pierre proclaimed head of the tribe. On the day appointed all the Indians in the village assembled at the chapel. The old priest, standing beside the cross, preached to them long and fervently, reviewing in detail all the events of his ministry among them. Every soul in the crowd seemed held by some divine power, with the exception of the mighty Black Hawk, who stood near the outer door, tall and swart, in an attitude of defiance, and yet expectancy as though he had some premonition of an impending revelation.

Throughout his talk Bonner found his eyes constantly returning to gaze on this warrior, who, motionless and impassive, seemed simply waiting for what was to follow.

When he had finished his exhortation, the priest made the sign of the cross, bowed his head and in conclusion said that he had a matter of great importance to lay before them. He told them that the Holy Virgin had visited him in a dream and impressed upon his mind that the advancement of Christianity required that Jean Pierre, by divine authority, should be proclaimed chief of the tribe. A murmur of surprise spread throughout the assembly, and Bonner casting one glance at Black Hawk, caught a gleam of fiery eyes and a swarthy face reddened by the heat of passion. The priest as calmly as though he was offering a sacrifice, summoned Pierre to his side. After pouring oil on his coarse black hair he exclaimed, "By the power and authority of the Holy Catholic Church I pronounce this man head chief of your tribe." Scarcely had the priest finished and bowed his head when the great chieftain springing forward in terrible anger, waved his tomahawk about his head. There was a gleam, a sinister hiss and the old man dropped heavily to the floor with the blade of Black Hawk's hatchet buried deep in his skull.

At the same instant the mighty chief leaped to the front of the chapel and drawing up his massive frame to full height, he pointed with disdain at the cowering Pierre and shouted the one word "Warriors." The old instinct was too strong; Black Hawk was still chief; and the work of Father Bonner in the Mission of the "Immaculate Conception" was ended.

—*Lester P. Bryant.*

BALLADE OF UNKNOWN AFFINITY.

Long are the parting days
And keen my longing grows.
Ah, by what varied ways
To seek you I propose !
The while each slow hour goes
With listless, lingering feet,
And yet, ere life shall close
I know that we shall meet.

Fain would I sing thy praise ;
But thy rare beauty's shows
Have never met my gaze.
To seek you I propose.
Fiercely my ardor glows
And I will find you, sweet !
And ere life lose its rose
I know that we shall meet.

Fate with us idly plays
And Time and Space are foes :
Yet thro' life's busy maze
To seek you I propose.
Fortune no aid bestows—
No aid will I entreat ;
Tho' foul or fair she blows
I know that we shall meet.

Envoy.

We 've never met, Fate knows
To seek you I propose.
And ere this life shall fleet
I know that we shall meet.

—*F. J. H. Sutton.*

EDITORIAL.

THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT OF PRINCETON.

The appointment of the Rev. Paul Henry Van Dyke to the History Professorship left vacant by the resignation of Professor Sloane, is very welcome to Princeton men. Both undergraduates and alumni have felt considerable dissatisfaction that such an important chair should go unfilled for so long a period, and however unavoidable, the delay has resulted in a real loss to the present senior class. As to Mr. Coney there can be but one feeling. The position in which he was placed was about as trying as could well be conceived. The time given him to prepare his courses was short. The work required was great. Nevertheless, he met with admirable tact the many difficulties which presented themselves, winning the respect of every student who took his courses.

The History Department of this University should be exceptionally strong. Supplemented as historical study pure and simple is in Princeton by the invaluable courses of Professor Woodrow Wilson, and of Professor Daniels, students of history are placed in a most advantageous position. In the past men have realized this, and have done excellent historical work. When the recently established chair in American History is filled, taken into connection with the appointment of Mr. Van Dyke, a new stimulus will be given to such study. All this is very gratifying to Princeton men. Rapid development in this department of the University seems inevitable.

One thing, however, stands in the way. We refer to the dearth of historical reference books in the University Li-

brary. In certain lines of historical research our equipment is all that could be desired, but in others it is lamentably insufficient. This is a thing which can easily be remedied. But until it is remedied, we have no reason for expecting thorough or original work in the study of History either from undergraduates or Fellows. There are few ways whereby the intellectual interests of Princeton could be more permanently advanced than by the establishment of a fund for this purpose at the present time.

The superb gift recently made to the new library of Columbia University makes Princeton men very envious. If we wait for a gift of this size, however, we shall probably wait for a long time. Of course, undergraduates are not in a position to know very much about such things, but one cannot help thinking that some effort should be made in the near future toward the securing of money to be expended in this way.

GOSSIP.

Wind, O wind of the Spring, thine old enchantment renewing,
 How at the shock of thy might wakens a cry within me !
 Out of what wonderful lands never trodden by man never told of,
 Lands where never a ship anchored, or trafficker fared,
 Comest thou, breathing like flame, till the brown earth flames into blossom,
 Quicken the sap of old wood swayed in the stormy embrace,
 Rousing in depths of the heart the wild waves of an infinite longing,
 Longing for freedom and life, longing for Springs that are dead ?

—T. W. Rollston.

De win' she blow from nor'-eas'-wes',—
 De sout' win' she blow, too.

—*The Wreck of the "Julie Planté."*

The Gossip will try to be timely in this issue. It is very hard, for there is no telling when the magazine will be published. The ways of a woman are not more difficult to prognosticate than the LIT's date of publication. Sometimes we are on time, sometimes we are not, in the former respect differing from the *Tiger*. But some persons may take such irregularity as a virtue. In this base practical age entirely too much worship is being paid to that ugly idol, Consistency. Because we are allowed only eighteen chapel absences, the Faculty has an idea that we ought not to stay away more than eighteen times. Because the *Tiger* is a bi-weekly, the *Princetonian* thinks it ought to be published every two weeks. And this year the Monday Night Club meets on Monday nights, and the *Bric-à-Brac* came out before Christmas, and men are using the Brokaw Field, and we have a Chapel Choir that sings. If this spirit keeps up, perhaps after a while the University Catalogue will stop calling the Casino "The Tennis Building."

But this is digressing. The Gossip wants to be timely. The March number will probably be published some time during the Spring. So the Gossip will gossip on that new and original subject. Lowell or somebody has said that the charm of Spring lies in its variety. Spring is like a Sunday newspaper and contains elements of delight for all sorts and conditions of men; even for a poor, overworked LIT. editor, because it gives him something to write about.

The Princeton edition of Spring is certainly the most charming in the world, and very miscellaneous too. The "Spring fret" shows itself in many, many ways. Some take it as a sort of disease. They try to convert laziness into illness, and perhaps get a week's excuse from "University Exercises," and loll around, smoking cigarettes and drinking bock beer. This is a very pleasant manifestation of Spring, and sophomores thrive on it, but it is a bit demoralizing.

Then there are the Spring poets. These may be divided into two classes. First, those who begin, "As one who—," and second, the others. It is now only March 24, and already the LIT. office fairly bristles with these things. Some men are guilty whom you wouldn't suspect. The poets deserve much more credit than the Spring fever people, but that man is still more worthy of praise who, breathing Spring, throws a baseball all afternoon, or takes a spin on his wheel and ends up with a plunge in the tank, and then goes down to the club with that healthy tired feeling for which the certain cure is a big meal and a sound sleep.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

SONNET: TO THE HUDSON.

Where in its old historic splendor stands
 The home of England's far-famed Parliament,
 And waters of the Thames in calm content
 At England's fame flow slowly o'er their sands;
 And where the Rhine past vine-entwinèd lands
 Courses in castled beauty, there I went;
 And far to southern rivers flower-besprent,
 And to the icy streams of northern strands.

Then mine own native shores I trod once more,
 And, gazing on thy waters' majesty,
 The memory, O Hudson, came to me
 Of one who went to seek the wide world o'er
 For love; but found it not. Then home turned he
 And saw his mother waiting at the door.

—George S. Hellman, in *Columbia Lit. Monthly*.

AT BREAK OF DAY.

At break of day the faint winds crooning sing;
 Adown the West dim stars are lingering;
 The dying moon, reluctant still to go,
 All tinged with golden gleams, is singing low;
 Beyond, cold Sirius pales his glistening.

Shy breezes, strange to mountain summits bring
 A deep sea message: yet there seems to cling,
 Faint fragrance of the violet-hiding snow,
 At break of day.

Songbirds, half startled, soon are on the wing
 To hail the rising sun of early Spring:
 Across the dawn-lit waters comes the glow
 Routing grey, shroud-like mists that flee too slow.
 So too, night's doubts and fears aside I fling
 At break of day.

—J. L. Gilson, in *Yale Courant*.

THE MESSAGE.

Within the Cornish mines they say,
 Within their galleries sea-ward hieing,
 The weary Cornish miner may
 Hear, as he rests, the sea's loud sighing,
 And though earth's shadows gloom his day,
 Above him where the gulls are flying
 He hears the seething breakers spray;
 He hears the rising storm winds crying;
 He feels the trembling shore's dismay;
 The trampling of the waves at play;
 The peaceful day in tempest dying.
 He knows this by the sea's sad sighing,
 Though far above, on wings of grey
 These robbers of the sea's highway
 These screaming, teeming gulls are flying.

O Soul within earth's shadows groping,
 O Soul within life's troubles pent,
 From the great sea of God's intent
 Comes there no sound, no message sent
 To cheer thy soul, now past all hoping.
 Saying "Above thee One is coping
 With this world's weakness, who's Omnipotent?"

—H. R. R., in *Trinity Tablet*.

THE HUNTSMAN'S SONG.

Houp-la ! houp-la ! to horse ! to horse !
 Awake, ye huntsmen all !
 The meet 's this morn on Langdon Downs,
 The master's horn doth call.
 The stirrup-cup awaits below,
 The yelping pack gives tongue;
 Houp-la ! houp la ! to horse, away !
 A hunting day's begun.

The Downs are bright with scarlet coats,
 The horses champ and paw;
 The straining hounds await the word,
 To scatter o'er the moor;
 The huntsmen tighten girth and curb
 And mount 'midst laughter gay.
 Houp-la ! houp-la ! to horse ! to horse !
 The pack 's been cast away.

The thicket's drawn, the fox is gone,
The pack is in full cry,
O'er fence and scar, o'er ditch and bar,
To see Sir Reynard die.
The chase is hot, all fears forgot,
Down dale and over hill;
Houp-la ! houp-la ! to horse, away !
Who 'll be in at the kill ?

And now, ye huntsmen, turn towards home,
With mask and brush in hand ;
The hounds walk slow, with lolling tongues,
And night falls o'er the land.
With mighty bowl of steaming punch,
Ye 'll turn the night to day,
Then raise on high the hunting cry,
Houp-la ! to horse, away !

—*James Brewer Corcoran, in Williams Lit.*

BOOK - TALK.

A Literary History of India. By R. W. Frazer, LL.B. New York:
Charles Scribner's Sons. \$4.00.

Of all Oriental histories except the Hebrew, perhaps it is the writings of ancient India that have gained the subtlest and strongest hold upon the Western mind. Let a philosopher like Schopenhauer or a poet like Goethe immerse himself only once in its calm depths, and he comes forth with a new vision for Europe. Take a square-jawed, bull-necked Briton like Kipling, and breed him in that land where the spirit of the old Vedas still lingers, and you have done much toward giving him the mental sweep of a seer. After all, those grave, large-minded Brahmins are of the same blood as we are, with much the same vigorous cast of thought, the same keen, active curiosity, and also the same instincts for beautiful expression and fine construction. We of the West have vaguely felt the attraction of our *intellectual* sympathy with India; may not the artistic, the *literary* sympathies be more definitely developed when not only the religious hymns and epics of India, but also the secular lyrics, and that extraordinary product, the Indian Drama, become better known amongst us? In the light of these possibilities, the work of Mr. R. W. Frazer is very opportune. Considering its scope and the thoroughness of its treatment, *A Literary History of India* is not a very large volume. The distinctly Brahminical writings are only a part of Mr. Frazer's scheme. Beginning with the earliest possible traces of history in India, he devotes the first chapter to the various theories as to the origin of the Ayrians, himself inclining to the hypothesis that they migrated from Europe; the second chapter sets forth briefly what is known as to that primitive life after the Ayrian settlement in India. Thus the life and institutions of the various nations and castes form a back-ground throughout the book. Ulterior factors in the literature, as Buddhism, the Greco-Roman influence upon the Drama, Mohammedanism and Christianity are discussed in their relation to the subject, as are also the various race-contributions and the social conditions. The history is even carried to the present day, and the last chapter is very important, as in it the powerful play of Western culture and ideals upon the form and spirit of Indian drama and fiction nowadays is considered. The book is not only scholarly, but appreciative, in its treatment and style. Mr. Frazer is always adequate, never ornamental. His resources

in this respect are most attractively seen in the occasional translated extracts throughout the work. Whether in verse or prose, they seem to retain admirably that gentle, mystic cadence which students tell us has been always characteristic of Indian writings; and nowhere does one feel that awkwardness which is the great stumbling-block to many translators. They show, and indeed the whole work shows, that Mr. Frazer, who has lived in the East for many years, has an imagination thoroughly steeped in the thoughts, the fancies and the modes of expression of that far-off yet kindred people, as well as a mind completely equipped and trained to analyze them. Additional credit is due to Mr. Frazer, inasmuch as this work is one of the first attempts to give a comprehensive view of Indian literature.

Colonial Mobile. By Peter J. Hamilton, A. M., late fellow of Princeton. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. \$3.00.

The greatest service that historians of the present day can render to present and future generations in the United States, does not consist in writing a general history of the United States. Of such histories we already have a sufficient number. To my mind it does not even consist in writing the history of any particular period of our history. This task has already been performed as thoroughly as is possible with the present information. The greatest need now is that of historians of particular sections of our country; of men who will take up those sections about which have centered many of the events which have added to the general development of the nation. In New England this task has been thoroughly performed by the eminent historians which that section has been fortunate enough to produce. In New York we have fairly adequate records to which the more general historian may refer, but in other parts of the country not much has been done in local history. We must of course except Virginia and Louisiana, and to a certain extent the Pacific coast, which Herbert H. Bancroft has so admirably treated. The Southern States have played an important part in the nation's history, and in the early history of the colonies quite as many important events took place in them as in New England. On account of the low ebb of literary spirit in the South their history has been but slightly treated. It is pleasing to note that one section of the Southern country, that of the Alabama-Tombigbee river basin, has recently produced a historian in the person of Mr. Peter J. Hamilton, of the class of '79, Princeton, who has treated in a most scholarly way the early history of that section in a book entitled "Colonial Mobile." Most of us have vague ideas that Mobile was once in French, then in British, and then in Spanish, hands, but of its real importance in American colonial history we have no conception. This Mr. Hamilton makes us appreciate. He has, by diligent research, brought to light much information that is absolutely new. This is especially true of the French and British periods. He has also spared

no pains in the collection of material, and those of us who wish to read a thorough, scholarly, and highly entertaining history of this section, can do no better than read the work which he has just published. Mr. Hamilton has added an important volume to American history.

Tales of the City Room. By Elizabeth G. Jordan. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.00.

This is a volume of very interesting stories, written by a woman reporter on one of the New York dailies, and written entirely from the woman reporter's standpoint. Probably the most interesting person on our great American dailies to-day is the woman who has nerve—shall I call it?—enough to brave the hard and slavish life of a reporter. At first it gives us a moral shock to see women nosing into all manner of places for news like men, but they seem to thrive so famously under the exercises that we are led to think we have false ideas of woman's places, and that a woman reporter is not such a monster after all. The present book of stories gives us a deep insight into the life of such a reporter, and pictures graphically her pleasures and her hardships. The stories are written in a pleasant, flowing style, and some of them show considerable merit, but as works of art they are in the main faulty. They fail in respect of *dénouement*. Until the climax is reached they are, almost uniformly, fraught with the highest interest, and are well done, but the author fails when she comes to the gathering up of the thread of her stories at the close, so that they fall flat.

In respect of "atmosphere," about which critics are talking so much nowadays, they are perfect. The author shows a deep knowledge of the ins and outs of the "city room." But these stories prove to us conclusively that atmosphere pure and simple is a poor thing on which to rest one's hope of literary fame. One can know ever so much about a particular life, may be able to make you *feel* that life, and yet be unable to write an artistic story. But the present volume of stories, if not an artistic success, certainly has sufficient interest in the respects above mentioned to make it well worth reading.

The King of the Broncos. By C. F. Lummis. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

I have spoken of the "atmosphere" of the "Tales of the City Room," by Elizabeth G. Jordan. It is pleasing to turn to the volume of New Mexican stories by Mr. Charles F. Lummis, entitled "The King of the Broncos," which displays this same quality very admirably. Mr. Lummis is thoroughly versed in the life of the Western plains. He has spent much time on the ranches and among the cowboys, and has entered with full spirit into their romantic life. Adding to this an unusual grace of style, a remarkable delineative skill and a deep appreciation of

what makes up—or rather what mars—an artistic short story, his success in this volume of stories is easily explained. The field of literary endeavor in short stories has shifted of late from New England and the Middle States, and from the Southern States, to the Far West. The rough life of the cowboy as he has been in times gone by is far enough in the past to make us lose sight of its hard realism and give it a decidedly increased romantic color, so that stories on cowboy life if done by such an artist as Mr. Lummis, instantly attract a general notice. Almost every one of the stories of the volume in question possesses great fascination for us—possible exceptions being "Bravo's Day Off" and "My Smallest Sitter," which are poorly conceived and indifferently executed. "The King of the Broncos," the leading story of the book, is an admirable example of the artistic possibilities of Western life. The story is one of the most perfect published in recent years. "Poh-Hlaik, The Cave Boy," a story of the cliff dwellers, is executed with a very delicate touch. An element of pathos is introduced which we do not find in any other of the stories. Taken as a whole this is one of the most successful collections of stories of the past year.

In the Midst of Life. Tales of Soldiers and Civilians. By Ambrose Bierce. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$1.25.

Those who read "In the Midst of Life," by Mr. Bierce, are apt to exclaim at the close "'From battle, murder and sudden death, good Lord deliver us,' and from books which deal with nothing else!" Some of the stories deal with battle, most of them with sudden death, some with murder, and a few with all three, and the key-note which rings through all is "the strange fear of the dead" and its terrible effects.

Death—there is everywhere death in these tales; yet we do not put down the volume with the haunting horror which Poe leaves, for Mr. Bierce has made the too common mistake of confounding the terrible, with the horrible and often with the disgusting.

He delights in describing death in horrible forms and with little restraint. We must know just how unpleasant it is to move a corpse of long standing and just what we will see. It is not enough that we should find a woman mangled by a shell; we must have a photographic description of how "the brain protruded, overflowing the temple, a frothy mass of gray, crowned with clusters of glowing bubbles." If a man dies from terror we must know everything unpleasant that is possible. "The face of the body showed yellow, repulsive, horrible! The eyes were partly opened and upturned, and the jaw fallen, traces of froth defiled the lips, the chin, the cheeks," and these are only a few of the noisome accompaniments of frightful death which he often adds. Nothing is left to the imagination. This is surely not art. Yet it certainly would be unjust to close without praising the opening story. The restraint in the treatment of so delicate a subject as the killing of a father by his son in

the performance of his duty is the one shining light in a work whose chief fault is lack of restraint. And who could read of the terrible procession of the wounded at Chickamauga without a shudder! Mr. Bierce knows how to be vivid but he misuses his power and too often fails to impress us by disgusting us with unnecessary details.

Vashti. By John Brayshaw Kaye. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

\$1.25.

"Vashti," by John Brayshaw Kaye, comprises seven chapters in meter and poetical diction, and purports to be a Biblical romance. It opens with an ancient Persian pageant, in which opportunity is taken to describe the costumes of all contemporaneous nationalities. At the feast following, "Vashti" is summoned to appear before the King. Upon her refusal she is banished as an outcast, and thereafter moralizes and bewails her lot for many a stricken page. She also composes ornate Zoroastrian prayers. As to the rest of the book, it is chiefly an amplified paraphrase of the Book of Esther, burdened with a laborious historical setting that scents of many book-shelves, and containing an interpretation and development of the characters and action of the original narrative which any popular sermonizer might give. The heroic blank verse employed pounds along conscientiously, with nearly all its stops at the end of its lines, over mutilated words and mispronounced proper names.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Guesses at the Riddle of Existence. By Goldwin Smith. The Macmillan Co. \$1.25.

Paris. By Emile Zola. New York: The Macmillan Co. \$2.00.

Some Common Errors of Speech. By Alfred G. Compton. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Young Blood. By E. W. Hornung. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.

British Empire. By Alfred Thomas Story. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$3.00.

Napoleon III. and His Court. By Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

Outline of Descriptive Psychology. By George Trumbull Ladd. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50 net.